



Revolution



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Chapter 1 by Skydiving Donut

January 21st, 2017

United States of America

Pennsylvanian Avenue

Washington, District of Columbia

Most of this was not meant to burn. The question was if he meant the burning cars on the street, or the fact that the entire city had fallen under chaos in the span of four hours. The city was burning either way, as the cars did too. Neither of them were /meant/ to burn, but they did. The man held onto the sign in the middle of the street, where the road divided. As he looked down the road what caught his eyes was not what most would have. The street seemed to burn also. Burning cars littered the street, as well of crowds of people, throwing Molotovs into the windows of the buildings that weren't on fire already.. Tucked under all the destruction, in the distance, was the American Capitol Building. It was visible for about a second before the heat waves of the fires blurred it. The man holding onto the street sign looked out at the destruction, wondering if any of this was meant to burn. /None/ of this was meant to burn..

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